

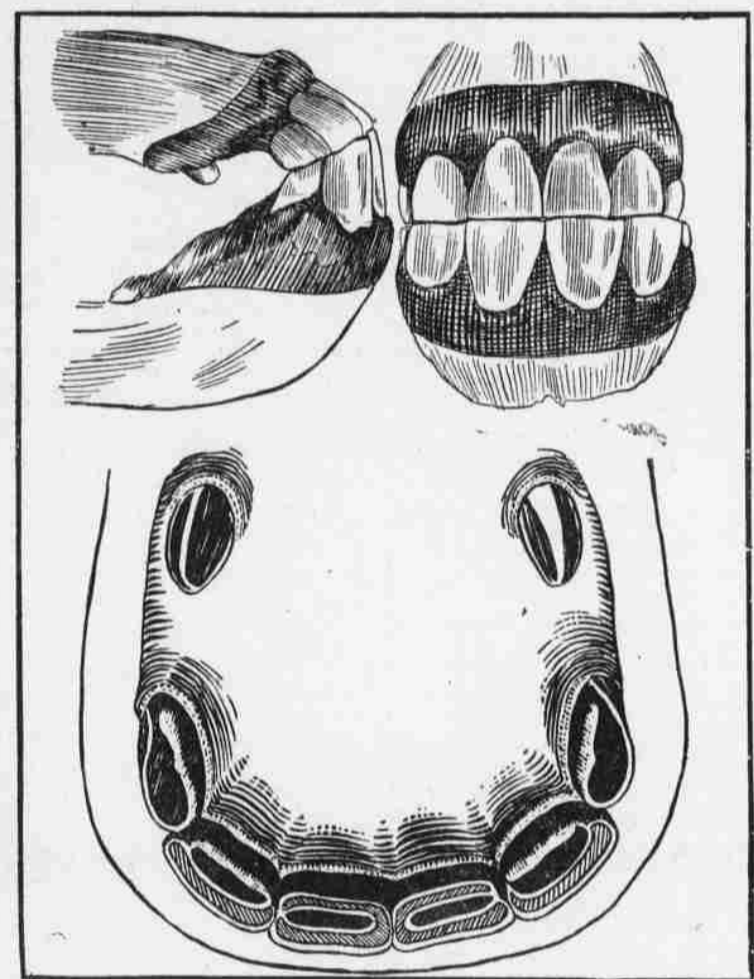
## PROLIFIC ENGLISH SOW; OFFSPRING 135 IN 4 YEARS

Is There Any Sow in America That Can Beat That Record?



Our illustration shows an English sow with a wonderful history as a producer of bacon. She was born—so her owner informs me—about March, 1904, and since then her records read as follows: March, 1905, litter of 13; September, 1905, 17; February, 1906, 16; August, 1906, 17; February, 1907, 20; August, 1907, 15; February, 1908, 22; August, 1908, 15; total in four years, 135.

## Teeth of Horse at Four Years

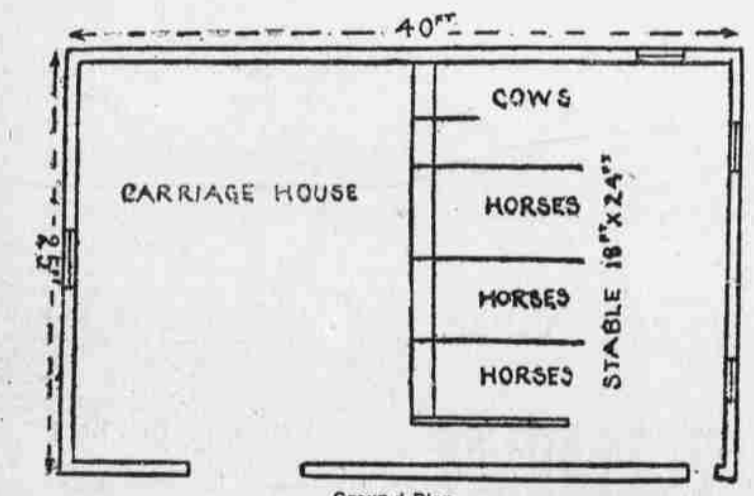


At four years old each jaw shows four permanent teeth, whose tables are worn to the same level. The deciduous are worn upon both of their borders. Looked at from the side, the corner teeth are quite small. At four and a half years the nippers show wear on both edges. The corner teeth and the hook or canine teeth are in evidence.

## STABLE AND CARRIAGE HOUSE

Will Provide Room for Two Cows and Three Horses.

The accompanying diagram shows ground plan for stable and carriage house 40x25 feet. The cows' stall for two is six feet wide, and the horse stalls are each five feet wide, which is the proper width. This will give you a carriage house 20x24 feet, and feed the stock from the front. A passage leads from the stable to carriage



house, so a horse may be harnessed and hitched up and left inside till ready to go.

The following is a bill of material: Four side sills 8x8—21 feet spliced; 4 cross sills, 8x8—25 feet; 39 floor joists, 2x10—14 feet; 21 ceiling joists, 2x8—25 feet; 2,000 feet plank, (inch measure) for floor; 1,000 feet inch lumber for loft; 66 studs, 2x6—13 feet; 10 plates, 2x6—14 feet; 12 scantlings, 2x4—12 feet, for gable studs; 1,900 feet rough siding; 42 rafters, 2x6—16 feet; 1,350 feet roof sheeting; 25 M.

Grass in the Poultry Ration.—Grass is one of the best foods that we can feed the hens. It is cheap because it is harvested by the poultry themselves. This save not only the cost of harvesting, but also the cost of handling it. Grass contains much nutriment, all of the food elements being represented. Blue grass and clover are rich in protein, and they also carry a good proportion of carbon. These are the elements needed by the fowls in the producing of the materials for growth. The owner of

poultry on the farm should make careful provision for this kind of food especially when it can be fed in a green state. The increasing price of all grain feeds makes it necessary for the farmer to turn to grass as a feed to the largest possible extent.

The Grade Cow.—The grade cow may be your salvation, but the grade bull, never.

Clean and Cold.—Keep the milk clean and cold and you will keep it pure.

## The Trade Rat Mine

By Eustace V. Bray

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If the tourist or the tramp straying from the direct route between Marysville and Oroville chances to wander for awhile along a well-defined trail on the banks of a brawling branch of the Feather river, he is pretty sure to come upon a weather-beaten basin, and to be surprised by the singular object under a glass case that may be seen through its only window. Sometimes the curious traveler also gets a glimpse of the occupant of this lonely abode, a gaunt, bent old man, with hair and beard and shaggy brows of silvery whiteness.

But there is a kindly gleam in the honest blue eyes beneath those shaggy brows, undimmed even yet by the long years that have frosted the thin hair and patriarchal beard, and, attracted by the strange personality of the recluse and the romance of his surroundings, visitors have from time to time won his confidence sufficiently to draw from him the particulars that have become sublimated into the crystal of this strange story.

Horace Robb, though accustomed from boyhood to live and look out for himself, was by no means always a hermit, shunning his kind. He came to California in the early fifties—not a pioneer, but a follower in the track of the earliest searchers for gold. Youth, enthusiasm, restless energy, and a determination to win a fortune for her whom he had left behind were his incentives to untiring effort, but they did not bring success. The greater the endeavor, it seemed to him, the smaller the result. Now and again he found a color or two, just enough to keep him on the move.

Finally, tired, for the time, of roaming, he relocated an abandoned placer claim on this foaming branch of the Feather river, inheriting with it a deserted cabin and its meager plenishing of rude table, stool and bunk, and rusty pots and pans. He straightened up the rickety door, cleared out the spring, and installed his stock of bacon, beans and potatoes. Then he settled down to days of weary tramping with pick and pan and nights of deep, and dreamless sleep.

For the second day of his sojourn, Robb had found sticks, pebbles and other trash among his beans, and attributed the adulteration to a dishonest trader, but as the weeks went by the stock of beans diminished with alarming rapidity, while the refuse increased in proportion. Next the potato sack seemed filling up with rubbish, also, and the potatoes went faster than he ate them.

One day, returning suddenly to the cabin for a forgotten implement, he surprised a great rat in the act of dragging a candle into a hole which Robb had supposed to be securely stopped, and the cause of the disappearance of his supplies became apparent. But the steady increase of sticks and stones was still a puzzle to him until he recalled some of the queer tales told to him by miners of the trade rats that are said to be born with a sense of justice, and "cannot help trying to do the square thing."

Without stopping to theorize, he determined to put the matter to practical proof, and when he went to his next day's work he placed a tempting piece of bacon rind on the stump that served him as a sideboard, leaving the rat-hole still unstoppered. When he came home at night the bacon was gone, and in its place was a stone. Day after day he repeated the experiment, until it became a habit with him to put a remnant of griddle-cake or a bit of bacon or potato skin upon this stump, and invariably he found at night a chip or twig or pebble in place of the vanished scrap of food. It was a sort of barter, in which the balance always showed on the wrong side of the ledger, but by keeping his provisions in a crude, tin-lined locker of his own construction, and allowing the rat-hole to remain open, he not only preserved his own rations from moisture, but inspired the trade rat with such a sense of dependence and immunity that the big rodent made a practice of coming out of his hole in the quiet hours of candle-light, for a supplementary evening luncheon. Sitting up on his haunches, he would wink his bright black eyes and wiggle his whiskers till the patient miner brought him a bit of food.

Things went on this way for months, and the trade rat, now almost tame, was Robb's only companion and distraction in many a lonely hour. All this time he was getting no gold to speak of, his supplies were nearly gone, and the prospects were decidedly discouraging.

One morning—a clear, crisp California morning—Horace Robb put in the customary place on the stump a small fragment from his fast emptying larder and started out in search of his fortune just once more. He went to a different place, but there was no different result, and he returned to his cabin at the day's end as near to tears as a man of his make ever comes. Perfunctorily he prepared and ate his meal which he meant to be the last in that place, except a breakfast in the morning. Then as listlessly he lighted a candle, its rays fell upon the stump where he had laid his last donation to the trade rat and sparkled upon a bright yellow nugget about the size of a lima bean. His breath left him and then came back in gasps. There before his eyes was gold—the object of every hour's toil and hope—gold, brought to him "without a stroke of labor!"

He sat back on his stool, lighted his pipe at the candle, and smoked and thought. There was nobody camped within miles and miles of him; no trace of a wayfarer upon the ground within the cabin or without. There could be no doubt that the nugget had been placed there by the trade rat, and he watched for his pet's usual evening appearance almost as eagerly as if assured that the animal would reply to his anxious questions. But



There Before His Eyes Was Gold.

had piloted him to wealth. He carried it to the creek and vainly endeavored to restore the life that had gone. When his day's work was suspended, he took time from his hours of slumber to carefully remove the skin from his departed comrade.

In five days he had panned out 21 pounds of coarse nuggets, carrying the gravel down to the creek and washing it there, and the end of the treasure was not in sight. Still, it was only a pocket, of course, and the end came in time, but not until it had yielded enough to support a man of moderate desires all the days of his life.

Some men would have lingered at the scene of such a success, searching for another golden pocket, but only half of Horace Robb's ambition was achieved—the gold was but the means to an end. And so, as fast as his sturdy limbs could carry him, he hastened to the outer world.

When he reached Sacramento he found a delayed letter from her. Anxiously he skimmed the passages in which she dwelt upon her long period of patient waiting, and he turned white when he reached the announcement of her marriage with another. And this is why the discoverer of the "Trade Rat Mine" returned to that lonely cabin on a wild alluvial of the Feather river, and why the great trade rat, under its dome of glass, is now, in the old man's frozen winter—as is his lustrous springtime—his sole companion there.

### Literary Treasures Lost.

Perhaps the largest and most valuable of literary treasures the world has lost was the Alexandrian library. The collection, the most remarkable of the ancient world, is said to have contained in its most flourishing period 400,000, or, according to others, 700,000 manuscripts. Its royal founder collected from all nations their choicest compositions. We are told that one of his successors went so far as to refuse to supply the Athenians with wheat until they had given him the original manuscripts of Aeschylus, Sophocles and Euripides. When Julius Caesar laid siege to the city the greater portion of this library was destroyed by fire. It was later replaced by the collection presented to Queen Cleopatra by Marc Antony. But it was not destined to endure long. When Emperor Theodosius the Great in 391 A. D. ordered the destruction of all heathen temples within the Roman empire, the Christians, led by Archbishop Theophilus, did not spare that of Jupiter, in which were kept the literary treasures. From this general destruction about 4,000 manuscripts escaped, only to be buried in 640 A. D. by the Saracens under the Caliph Omar.

### First Aid to Farmers.

A farmer in Ohio wrote to the department of agriculture that he had struggled for 20 years on an 80-acre farm heavily mortgaged, but had been unable to reduce his debt or rise above poverty that made the bringing up of his family a humiliation. He asked if there was any hope for him upon the farm, or if he might as well give up the fight. The department requested that he make a detailed report of his farm and its soils, and upon this it based a plan of farming which he was recommended to follow to the letter. There was a profit the first year of \$2,000, and the department believes that ultimately the despised 80 acres can be made to yield \$5,000 a year.—World To-day.

### SICK MAN WANTED CHANGE.

More Than Willing to Make Transfer with Physician.

A Syracuse business man who, besides being extremely active and ambitious, has much sense of humor, was taken sick with a slight attack of pneumonia. His physician, aware that it would be a task to keep his high-strung patient in bed, sought to impress on him the seriousness of the ailment and the necessity of absolute rest; all of which the sick man listened to in a bored manner. Nevertheless he consented to obey the doctor.

But this enforced inactivity rankled in him; and each succeeding day found the patient importuning the medical attendant to allow him to get out to business. Then, disgusted, he would lie back to cast imprecations at the inexorable physician.

One morning the physician, after having been up all night on an important case, appeared at his patient's house at the usual hour. He had hardly stuck his haggard face inside the door, however, before the man in the bed gave him a quick glance and sat up.

"Eh? ejaculated the patient. Then showing out his hand to grasp the doctor's catchel, he added: "Doc, I guess you'd better get into bed here and let me go out with the medicine bag."

### CURE AT CITY MISSION.

Awful Case of Scabies—Body a Mass of Sores from Scratching—Her Tortures Yield to Cuticura.

"A young woman came to our city mission in a most awful condition physically. Our doctor examined her and told us that she had scabies (the itch), incipient paresis, rheumatism, etc., brought on from exposure. Her poor body was a mass of sores from scratching and she was not able to retain solid food. We worked hard over her for seven weeks but we could see little improvement. One day I bought a cake of Cuticura Soap and a bottle of Cuticura Resolvent, and we bathed our patient well and gave her a full dose of the Resolvent. She slept better that night and the next day I got a box of Cuticura Ointment. In five weeks this young woman was able to look for a position, and she is now strong and well. Laura Jane Bates, 85 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., Mar. 11, 1907."

### CORNET BROUGHT ABOUT PEACE.

Spite Controversy Happily Ended Without Legal Warfare.

"Fellow was raising bees back in the foothill country," remarked Frank H. Short, of Fresno. "Plenty of sagebrush; sage makes clear, delicious honey. Got in a row with a neighbor; shot his dog; said its barking annoyed his queen bees. Neighbor waited a whole year to get even, plowed up a big patch, planted wild mustard; grew fine. Bees thick on mustard flowers. Mustard makes bitter honey. Like to ruin the bee man's sales. Bee farmer came to me, wanted to sue for damages. 'What can I do?' he asked."

"Nothing," I said. "He has a right to grow mustard on his own land."

"Well," he said, "I'll get some scheme to annoy him."

"So he got a cornet; used to sit up from midnight till four o'clock in the morning practicing 'Wearing of the Green.' Fellow with the mustard was an Englishman; stood it for three weeks; went out with a scythe and cut down all the mustard. They've been good friends ever since."—San Francisco Chronicle.

### Congratulations Wanted.

On entering his club one evening not long ago a young Philadelphian was accosted by a friend, who exclaimed:

"Why, Charley, you are positively beaming! What's up?"

"I'm in the greatest luck imaginable," responded the other. "You know, I've been hanging about a pretty Yonkers girl for almost a year. During all this time she would never admit that she loved me; she would only say that she respected me. But now, old chap, congratulate me, for last night she confessed that she respected me no longer—that she loved me!"—Lippincott's.

### Willing to Help Him.

He had gone to the dry goods store with a bit of dress material which his wife had hidden him to match. "I am very sorry, sir," said the salesman, "but I have nothing exactly like this. The very last remnant was sold this morning."

"But I must have it!" exclaimed the husband. "Otherwise, how can I face my wife?"

"If you will permit me, sir," said the salesman, "I would venture to suggest that you invite a friend home to dinner with you."

### Demand for Artificial Flowers.

Makers of artificial flowers in New York city are receiving an unusual number of orders from all parts of the country for the fall and winter trade. Most of the supply for the nation comes from New York, where more money is spent for the manufacture of imitation flowers than in any other city in the world.

### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional treatment. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; this case out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by Catarrh that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH CURE. Send for circulars, free.

J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by J. V. Rogers, The

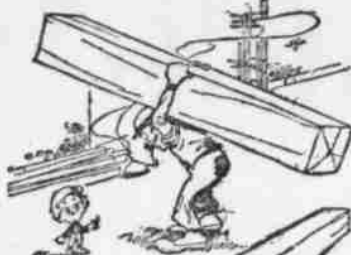
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Parrot Unnecessary.

The Canary—You say you have very little talking to do in your present position?

The Parrot—Yes; there are four women in the family.—Life.

### CONSIDERATION.



The Workman—Hey, what's that? The Kid—I see, any time you gets tired I'll take de job fer two cents a hour.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Crack or Break.

Edwin and his mother went for a walk Sunday afternoon. Coming to a tree of cherries, the mother bent a low limb so that the little fellow could pick some. Seeing some fine ones higher up, he begged to be allowed to climb the tree. "Oh, no," said his mother, "that would be breaking the Sabbath."

"And we are only cracking the Sabbath now, are we, mamma?" inquired Edwin.—Delinctor.

### Going Down.

"The thief jumped into the river, but he had so much money in his clothes he couldn't swim and went to the bottom; I recovered every cent."

"That was lucky; you should use that money as the nucleus of a sinking fund."—Houston Post.

Lewis' Single Bitter straight 50 cigars. Made of extra quality tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Our happiness is a sacred deposit for which we must render account to others.—Colton.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It isn't necessary for a married man to know his mind.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a Powder. For swollen, sweating feet, gives instant relief. The original powder for the feet. See at all druggists.

And many a man attributes his failure to his inability to start at the top.



A Texas Ranch for Sale. 800 acres for \$15,000, all fenced, 200 acres in cultivation, overlooking water, shade, shelter, fruit and game. Five miles to railroad. For further particulars address, "RANCH OWNER," First National Bank, Weatherford, Texas.

## For Lameness in Horses

Much of the chronic lameness in horses is due to neglect. See that your horse is not allowed to go lame. Keep Sloan's Liniment on hand and apply at the first signs of stiffness. It's wonderfully penetrating—goes right to the spot—relieves the soreness—limbers up the joints and makes the muscles elastic and pliant.

## Sloan's Liniment

will kill a spavin, curb or splint, reduce wind puffs and swollen joints, and is a sure and speedy remedy for fistula, sweeney, founder and thrush.

Price, 50c. and \$1.00.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, - Boston, Mass.

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free.

## Shirt Bosoms, Collars and Cuffs

LAUNDERED WITH

## Defiance Starch



never crack nor become brittle. They last twice as long as those laundered with other starches and give the wearer much better satisfaction. If you want your husband, brother or son to look dresy, to feel comfortable and to be thoroughly happy use DEFIANC STARCH in the laundry. It is sold by all good grocers at 10c a package—16 ounces. Inferior starches sell at the same price per package but contain only 12 ounces. Note the difference. Ask your grocer for DEFIANC STARCH. Insist on getting it and you will never use any other brand.

Defiance Starch Company, Omaha, Neb.

## PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—how to dye. Black and Mix Colors. MONROE DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.